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THE REGISTER

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PERILS OF THE REPUBLIC

C. E. MCGUIRE.

II. EDUCATION.

Not for what it does, which is all well enough, but for what it does not do, is the educational system of the United States to be held accountable. It is the Bourbon complacency towards the *status quo*, the comfortable review of the fine progress up to the definitive faultlessness of the present, the somewhat mild spirit of *gaudeamus* which is to be done away with. What has been done has been well done; but can be improved. Contentment with stagnation in education is the sure death of enlightenment among men. It must be admitted that it will not do to let loose on the serenity of educational methods all the winds of radicalism, but there must be reasonable ventilation and freshening. And while it cannot be denied that these methods have markedly developed in late years, yet there remain in them three fundamental defects,—they are not thorough methods, they

are not on a scale large enough to embrace the entire people, and they lack the true, earnest spirit of education.

Thoroughness requires a definite end, simple courses, incessant work, and unlimited patience. In the elementary schools these requirements are especially wanting. In the grammar schools there is no definite end,—unless it is the diploma. The claim is made that one gets a solid foundation of the rudiments of education, entirely sufficient for practical life. But it is not enough to make such assertions. There will be no definite end until mere statements are backed by energetic efforts to make that definite end convincingly clear to all. Before this can be done the courses have to be simplified. It must be remembered that the vast majority of American boys end their education with grammar schools, and therefore need no highly specialized training. The aesthetic pursuits must be abandoned and the essentials must be supreme if elementary educa-

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tion is to be other than a misty, shapeless nondescript. Manual training, too, even when properly taught, is not to be thought of until absolutely necessary courses of English grammar, American history, and arithmetic have been provided for. More systematic instruction—not to reduce the effect of the instructor's personality, but to afford a not too mechanical line of action for those of less striking personality—all these things, together with many more of less importance, urgently need to be considered, especially for the elementary schools.

Furthermore, these educational methods are inadequate for so large a republic. Great portions of some states are left without elementary schools. If the county, or even the state, refuses to support schools, then the next higher authority is justified in establishing the needed system, and sending the bills to the delinquent. Then again, new districts, and newly-founded and state-maintained colleges, suffer from inability to keep up with the better-paying, more brilliant cities and the older and wealthier colleges. In small colleges, and in small provincial cities, while many teachers are content to remain, the majority regard their positions as mere passing calls in the fascinating voyage to the head waters of the river of education. While such ambition would seem to stimulate teachers to greater efforts, yet the constant shifting of grammar school teachers has a retarding effect on the great body of pupils.

But the most important cause of the weakness of American education is its dreary emptiness. It is without actual purpose. They tell us that it builds up a sense of good citizenship, business honor, self-reliance and appreciation of what is good. But it *does not*. Look around at the products of the American grammar schools; has one in fifty got anything out of his eight or nine years? Education is not mere stereotypy. We do well, indeed,

to better the teaching of the essential studies, but that is not all. To promote the general enlightenment, emphasizing its very utilitarian advantages if nothing else, to nourish the spirit of civilization, to smother the savagery latent in so many of us, to eradicate class distrust and social illiberality—these are the actual purposes of education. It is not enough to admit even this. For one thing, it is only by ending the wholesale cheating in the schools of to-day that any result will be even approached. When it is possible to succeed for an indefinite time by fraud in the elementary public schools, with teachers,—whether conscious of it or not—inactive, God help the man or state that falls into the clutches of those allowed such unfortunate liberty. Earnestness and patience will ensure knowledge; impartiality and kindness will ensure respect; eternal vigilance alone will ensure honesty.

It is supremely important in business life that honor be imbedded in men's characters. The great majority of the "captains of finance" "successful business men," and pioneers of industry" are men whose school life ended with the grammar school. And what sorry specimens of conscientiousness and uprightness most of them are!

What distorted views of right and wrong they hold! Some have achieved success by violence and treachery; others by chicane; still others by reckless, stake-all gaming. Some firmly hold that everything a man can get and hold ought to be his by right; others try to justify their actions. Then there are those whose only hope is ever to be within safe reach of the labyrinthine subtleties of the law. Patriotism they have not, nor can they understand business honor. Selfish interest is their guiding motive. They scorn office, they despise the politicians whom they control, and the greater of them even take a romantic view of life, and thirst for the exhilaration of the fierce strife of financial conflict, looking

forward to a Valhalla where the heart-breaking struggles of money-mad men will go on forever,—even as did the old Germans delight in war for the sake of fighting.

These unprincipled men,—whose success has injured in a thousand ways the prosperity and good name of American business,—are not the only evil fruits of failure to give vitality to education. The perhaps more fearsome guild of those without the law is daily replacing its members as they disappear. Even if criminal-mindedness is hereditary, a mighty effect would be produced by better educational influences. For even the worst of the worst pass a few years of their childhood in some school. It is the duty of the directors of education to aid not only in holding together the great middle class, but also in attacking these two dangerous extremes,—the utterly corrupt Raiders of Finance, and the frightful and swiftly spreading seditious population which is sinking deep in ignorance, disease, and crime, and which, like a cancer, if not opposed in time, will eat out the vitals of the republic.

But no discussion of education would be complete without a word on the press. This wonderful institution provides instructive and interesting reading for very many. Its loud, and sometimes raucous voice is heard on every question of the day. When it has not enough

questions to be heard on, it creates some. On its editorial pages it is autocratic and condescending by turns. Some editors discourse learnedly, and are evidently literary *dilletanti*; others vilify amazingly, and are undoubtedly literary *condottieri*. The pressocracy is a little class by itself, and kindly runs the government and dictates policies.

But apart from these rather humorous peculiarities of the press, we find some strange characteristics. It is sensational, and at times morbid, in its close attention to revolting horrors which a rightly managed press would omit. Their defence that this is what the people want is an excuse but not a reason for printing such demoralizing indecencies. Besides, all must admit that a great portion of the press is controlled either by powerful interests, or by a single schemer. And a controlled paper usually serves as a claque for the sad little drama entitled “The Business Man in Politics.”

Remote and peculiar as the causes of a nation's decline are, they can usually be traced to a weakening of the stamina of the middle classes. It is a long, obscure process to decide what effect strengthening influences would have produced on the national condition, but it is pretty safe to say that a militant education would always be a tremendous support to a republic.

ANIMAL STORIES FROM CLASS IV.

HOW A TROUT NEARLY CAUGHT ME.

WHEN I was about four and a half years old my mother took me to her old home for a month's vacation.

There was a spring thirty or forty yards from the house, and in this spring there was a large speckled trout. Every day I dropped worms down to him, if I could get them, and if I could not procure them I used bread crumbs.

One day two boys came to the house from a neighboring farm on an errand. They each pulled a spear of herds-grass, and lowered it into the water to plague the fish. The fish

jumped to catch the grass, but the boys snapped it away. In this way they played with the fish for about half an hour and then departed. I had been watching them, and now, as they were gone, I thought that I would try and fool the fish, too; plucking a spear of grass, I walked to the edge, bent over, and started to attract the attention of the fish. He made a quick dart for the grass, grabbed it in his mouth, and pulled viciously. I, not expecting the sudden jerk, and being very light for my age, lost my balance, and pitched forward into the water with a loud scream. I clutched at the

rocks on the opposite side and was fortunate enough to get a good hold of them, and thereby I kept my head above water. I kept on screaming, and my mother ran to my assistance. She pulled me out, none the worse for the experience, except for a bad wetting and a great fright.

H. D., '11.

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE WITH A CAT.

IT was a cold, winter's evening, and the snow was falling fast, but inside my home the fire burned merrily, and the gas was turned low.

Around the blazing fire my father and mother were seated with the children, and my father was telling his adventures; he was half through with one of his experiences with a bear, when my mother asked me to get some wood; I took the lamp and crawled down the cellar stairs, fearful that a bear would get me, for I was only a little tot then.

As my foot touched the last stair, the light went out and I found myself in total darkness. I looked around, and just as I was about to turn up the stairs, I noticed two green lights in the darkness; immediately I thought of a bear, and, as my imagination increased, I saw it about to devour me. I stood speechless; the eyes were coming toward me; suddenly a great gray shape appeared in view, and just as I was about to cry out in terror, "Mamma," a sharp "me ow" met my ears, and, looking down, I saw our pet tom-cat. Such was my experience with a bear.

W. V. M., '11.

SAVED BY A DOG.

WHILE I was at Pemaquid Point, a mass of rock jutting out into the ocean, I decided one summer day to take a walk to a certain cave. I met a neighbor's dog and, as he seemed willing to accompany me, we entered the cave together. At

high tide the water blocked the mouth of the cave, but I did not know it, and so, when the dog became uneasy, I continually scolded him until I noticed the cave darken, and the water, already four feet deep, near the mouth of the cave. To retreat that way was imprudent, as the cave was on high land as compared with the surrounding shore, and to swim in water frequented by many undertows would also be unwise.

The dog now became excited and kept backing away from the inflowing water, which every minute came advancing on the now small floor-space. Suddenly the dog ran back and barked excitedly, sniffing carefully along the sides of the walls. As I thought the dog knew the cave thoroughly, I followed him, knowing that through him only could we escape. At last he came to a small tunnel leading upward. I now noticed that the air compressed by the water rushed into this tunnel. We crawled into the tunnel and in a few minutes found ourselves free, in the open air, in the middle of a large field.

Did we love that dog?

E. B., '11.

A DOG AND A BICYCLE.

ONE day this summer, in company with a friend, I took a bicycle ride to the Blue Hills. My large fox-hound persisted in following me, so I let him come. Coming back I was quite tired from the ride, so I tied a string to the dog's collar and let him pull me. He didn't seem to mind it in the least, and I felt perfectly satisfied with my part of the bargain until, to my grief, he spied a cat across the road. The rest can better be imagined than described. All other thoughts vanished from his mind and he dashed after the cat. The wheel struck a fence and I was deposited on a soft field, my feelings injured a great deal more than my body.

W. H. D., '11.

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A DOG'S REVENGE.

ONE day, a few weeks ago, I was playing with another boy out in the backyard.

We were kicking a rugby to each other. In the next yard was a bulldog, and he was running up and down in an attempt to get at the foot-ball. Being tired, I sat down, and my friend took the ball and began to punch it. He gave it an extra hard knock, and the ball went over the fence.

The dog was waiting for this chance and he tried to seize the foot-ball with his mouth. He was not successful, however, and this made him angry. This dog had a special grudge against me, because, every time I would pass the yard, I would plague him in various ways, such as running up and down, holding a stick just out of his reach, and kicking the fence.

Now was his chance to get even. He tried to bite the ball, dig his claws into it, and jump on it. I guess he was having a good time, but I wasn't. I climbed to the top of the fence—I dared not go farther for the safety of my limbs—and tried to scare him away. But the dog wouldn't be frightened, and continued to play with the rugby with barks of joy.

I turned to my friend and asked him what I should do. He didn't seem to know, and while we were talking I heard a loud bang. Looking around I saw a piece of chewed leather, all that was left of the ball. The next day I saw the man who owned the dog to see if he would look for the foot-ball. He wouldn't, and he said it was good enough for me for plaguing the dog.

L. T. C., '11.



HOW WE DESERTED THE NORTH STAR

A CANOE TRIP IN SUMMER

THAT you may not think that canoeing is all work and no fun, I will tell of the rest of the trip written of in the last issue. We had left the canoe at Green Harbor at the end of the first "day's march," and returned home. On the thirtieth of May, intending to paddle back home, we took the first train down to Green Harbor, and, after a delightful three-mile walk through the woods and fields, then in the vivid green of early spring, we arrived at the shore of the ocean, at the cottage where we had left the canoe. We launched in the sheltered harbor behind the break-water and pushed off out into the open. This harbor opened to the south, and, with a heavy north wind behind us, we shot out into the rough water outside. As we went by, old, bronzed fishermen stared at us from over stubby sloops in mute amazement,

and one old salt deigned to shout, "Better not go aout in that 'ar thing, it's rougher'n a cat's back outside." Laughing, we rounded the end of the breakwater, and turned north in the teeth of the gale. A canoe, as most of us know, sits on the top of the water, there being but three or four submerged inches to hold against all the height exposed to the wind. The waves were running pretty high, each with its white crown of foam, and, though we clawed a short way in the face of the wind, seeing that there was no hope of beating up into it for forty miles, we put back, ran into the harbor again, paddled up to a fisherman mending his nets on his anchored sloop, and inquired whether there was any inside passage into Plymouth harbor. He said that there was, but that we could not "make it" until high water, some three or four hours later. As

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it was then after ten, and we had but one day to spend with the canoe, we thought that we would try it, regardless of the fisherman's warnings.

We started up the creek that our friend had shown us, booming along at a great rate before the strong wind. The country between Green Harbor and Duxbury is mostly flat salt marsh, cut into by long, winding channels, that in high-course tides overflow over the marshes, overspreading them with a thin covering of water, at other times filled with brackish water, which, at low tide, almost entirely ebbs out, leaving a quaking black mud, slimy and treacherous. Across these marshes we paddled, poled, and carried the canoe, along the tortuous channel of the creek. At length, to our delight, we emerged into a broad, slow-moving river, that performed the most remarkable evolutions in its course toward the open,—winding, twisting, and doubling on itself most tortuously. Still heading due south, we landed on a neck of land connecting Duxbury beach with the mainland; “carried” a little less than a quarter of a mile, over a good road, and pushed out into Duxbury bay.

The wind still holds fair, whipping the waves into white caps, and driving us on their crests. The sky is deep blue, the sea the same; dancing white caps flash in the bright sun; nearer, the water assumes a brilliant greenish hue; the Gurnets, twin towers of spotless white, rise from the yellow sands far out, by the mouth of the harbor; the colossal Standish monument in South Duxbury stands out sharply against the blue sky, and adds another point of interest to the magnificent view.

The water grows rougher and rougher as we withdraw further and further from the sheltering shore. At length, to promote safety, I cautiously lift myself over the bow thwart, and ingloriously lie down in the bottom of the canoe, resting my head and shoulders on the

middle thwart. My companion, in the stern, similarly lies down. Thus, with the weight lower in the boat, we ride more freely. We insert a paddle in each sleeve of a coat, stretch it aloft, and lo! we fly yet more swiftly than when we were paddling. Thus we lie for half an hour contented, thrilled with the pure joy of living, while the canoe rises on each overtaking billow, shoots ahead, sometimes twenty-five feet or more, on its crest, stops short in the hollow between; up, up, up, we go; the wave comes alongside, within an inch or two of our gunwale, then comes a mighty impulse forward, a sudden check as we sink into the hollow, and we lie there, looking at sky, fresh green shore, and sunlit sea with a new understanding, and I, for my part, with a feeling that never before have I known what it really is to live in the open.

We land on the lee shore of the next projection, Standish Beach, make a fire, more for sentiment than for warmth, go in for a swim, bask in the sun until dry, dress, and eat our dinner, (*not* lunch, for it was too enormous) then lie in the sun half asleep, shying stones at the water and everything else in sight, watch the ever dancing bay, and poke fun at all those people so queerly constructed that they can endure inland life when this may be had for the asking.

Having sated our desire for eating and rest, we once more put out. Now the whole country around Plymouth is revealed to our view. Straight ahead and due south there stretches forth to meet us a long, sterile sand-spit, in former days crowned with a fair grove, and used by picnic parties from Plymouth. But there came, many years ago, a storm so violent that the Atlantic, in its mad rush, swept entirely over it, choking the verdure with sand, and burying the trees, so that now it is naught but sand and wiry beach grass, the home of thousands of white gulls. Beyond, to the south-east, Manomet rose,

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dark and forbidding Far in, to the west, lay the old town, its buildings huddled close, hugging the steep slope.

By the time that we get beyond the shelter of Standish Beach, and well out into mid-channel, the tide, that there runs very strongly, is in full ebb, and, meeting the wind, is raising some very rough water. Passing through this with some little trouble, we coast along inside the sandspit, which is some three miles long, and go up the Eel River, a small affair emptying where this spit, Plymouth Beach, joins the mainland. By this time it is about four o'clock, on a perfect afternoon late in May.

After "carrying" around some rapids at the mouth of the river we put in above, and paddle peacefully up, through an ideal region. On either side rise grassy meadows, and well cultivated fields stretch their bright green up to comfortable houses of the good, substantial old type, low, gabled, rambling, giving an impression of plenteous comfort. The river broadens into a small pond, whose mirror-like surface reflects the glory of the late afternoon. On the left a grove comes down to the water's edge; some of the trees, willows, grow out from the water, and a flock of geese and ducks swim contentedly about. Above, the river narrows again, the channel winds through rushes; now and then it is over-arched by a swamp vine that throws its cables from bank to bank, and the whole region is fairly alive with bobolinks. Further up, we leave the swamp and go between green meadows. At length, at six o'clock, a road bars our further progress, and, lifting out the canoe, we leave it in a barn 'till we next require it.

Then we start north to walk back to Plymouth, some five miles, to get a train home. On the left the sun is sinking over black pine woods, its brilliant coloring contrasting with the sombre hue of the forests. A little later, in the heart of the woods, we come upon a little old white school house, and,

standing there in the after-glow, amid the sternness of the forest, it was our first and strongest reminder that we were on ground hallowed by the deeds of our earnest, faithful forefathers.

* * * * *

On June sixteenth we arrived at the canoe and river, after a pleasant stroll through a region in the full glory of spring, at ten o'clock. This time we intended to take two days and paddle home, but, on getting out of the river, the wind was still against us, so again we turned south.

After a delightful but uneventful paddle, we dined on a rocky point just south of Manomet, and thence, heading for the farthest point of land that we could see to the south-east, we cut straight across the bay. An hour's paddle did not seem to make the opposite shore approach in the least, although the shore behind receded. But little need be said of the long paddle across the open. We had carelessly neglected to take with us any water, and, for once in my life, I absolutely felt the need of water. To allay the heat of the sun, beating down on our heads, we soaked hats and handkerchiefs in the cool brine and put them on as hats.

At five or six o'clock we landed in East Sandwich, walked three miles to get some water, and rested for an hour or so. Then, as there was a quarter-moon and the evening promised to be beautiful, we set out again, leaving our precious water ashore, to paddle a little further, prompted by the same motive that urges a man who has eaten a hearty dinner, and is the reverse of hungry, to call for and eat dessert.

Through the sunset and the magic gloaming, absolutely alone, not speaking a word, we passed by the dreary line of low sand hills that borders Massachusetts Bay at Barnstable. Purple haze gave place to liquid darkness; every time the paddle was dipped the water

would sparkle and glitter, and the ripple at the bow was alive with lights; on five warships on the northern horizon the lights were lighted, but no sign of human habitation appeared ashore. One by one the stars appeared in the fast-deepening dusky blue of heaven, and the pale moon glittered coldly over the barren, restless sea. Bending forward from the stern, lighting a match, and striving to ascertain our whereabouts on the chart by its fitful flare, my companion informed me that "the entrance to Barnstable Harbor is liable to radical and sudden change."

At length the sandbanks suddenly end. There is a light-house in sight. We head inshore, but, in a moment, the increasing boom of the breakers, the fact that the long swell we rode so easily is beginning to curl over, and the grate of our blades on the sand beneath, warn us to turn out again. For a long time, in darkness such as never descends upon a city, we strove to find the entrance. Merrily twinkle the lights aboard the distant warships; from the shore on the west, on the deserted sand dunes, suddenly burst out colored lights, signals to the warships. Finally we give up hope of entering the harbor, and paddle on, hoping to be able to land at some favorable point.

At last, wearied, we beach the canoe and clamber out upon a sand-flat. Right in front of us rises higher ground. Without delaying to pack up, we shoulder the canoe, luggage and all inside, and, barefooted, start for dry land. The rise is, of course, but an indefinite sort of dead blackness against the luminous blackness of the sky, and it appears but a couple of rods away. Barefooted, we step down into cold black pools, causing the reflected firmament to quiver and break in fragments, upon beds of mussels, whose shells are extremely disagreeable to the feet, since they have thin, sharp edges, upon clammy, slippery, weed-covered rocks, pitching and all

but falling as one goes down into a hole while the other stumbles up a half-sunken rock. But as we laboriously advance, the shore grows no nearer. It seems as if you could almost stretch forth your hand and touch it, yet it recedes as we advance. After going between quarter and half a mile in this fashion, as we found out the following morning, we at length attained dry shore, and, wearied, sat down and rested a few moments. Stowing the things under the canoe, that they might not get wet in case of storm, and leaving all over the crest of the sand ridge that, on the Cape, invariably borders the shore, we start along the beach to find somewhere to spend the night. After a long walk below the high tide mark on the hard sand there, we see an old road, or rather trail, worn by men carting drift-stuff for various farm uses. Into this we turn, and we follow it as our only hope.

Chancing to be familiar with the nature of such roads we avoided the manifold cross-roads that led back to the shore and to the salt marshes, by picking out a constellation due south of us, as nearly as we could judge, and maintaining the same general direction. After a seemingly interminable period of stumbling into and out of the rut, coming upon a cottage standing by itself, we loudly called until the owner, half asleep and wholly terrified, inquired from within what the trouble was. We told him that we wished some water, and wanted to know the name of the town, and where the hotel was, if there was one. He asked where we came from, and, when we said that we had come from Boston in a canoe, his confidence in our veracity was evidently sorely shattered. However, after much persuasion by us, and much reinforcement from his wife, whom we could hear constantly coaching him from within, he opened a door a few inches and passed us out a pail of water, vouchsafing the desired information as we drank. The town was North Dennis, which I

happened to know was, at that season, the "deadeſt" of the ſmall cape towns, that there was no hotel, but that Miſ'— took boarders, and might have ſome rooms to ſpare.

Thanking him, we reſumed our way, and, at about 12.30, roused the landlady and procured lodging. The next day, at about eleven in the morning, we again took up our journey and continued it to Brewſter, about 100 miles from Boſton, by rail, where, beſide

our noon-day fire, eating our own cooking, we enjoyed one of the chief pleaſures of all experiences,—talking it over afterwards. We had ſtarted for Boſton, but had fetched up at Brewſter. South is not north on the canoeiſt's compaſs,—but its better than north, ſometimes ; and here we were, ſafe and ſound and happy, after a proſperous and entertaining voyage. "Quantum Sufficit."

H. W. S., '08.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

We have received this note, via ſecret ſervice :

"I think that the REGISTER is a very good paper, but that it would be very greatly improved by the omiſſion of all eſſays regarding the ſtudy of Greek.

Yours truly,

BINGVILLE PETE."

Pete is evidently like another great man who ſaid, "*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*." It may be that Bingville is a French ſettlement on the border, where they do not know Greek ; it may be that Pete has been "exposed to Greek" without its taking ; it may be—but no matter, Pete, we will conſider your wiſhes.

WILL HOPE -- You report your loſs of a dollar bill, loſt in the ſtreet, between North Station and City Hall, and containing the figure "1" in each corner, with an outſpread eagle in the centre. You ſhould inquire of the jaritor.

ATHLETE — We learn from your letter that you intend, although late in the ſeaſon, to go into football. In reply to your natural inquiries we would ſay that legs may be mended for \$50, or \$125 for two. Fingers coſt \$20 a dozen. Eyes, any color but black, \$25 a pair. A player always has black eyes enough without buying them.



SCHOOL NOTES

Thankſgiving — yes, we already have abundant cauſe for it, we boys of the Latin School ; here's hoping we may have reaſon for added thanks for a happy vacation, beginning in a football victory !

This letter is extremely intereſting from one who entered this ſchool in 1825. Undoubtedly Mr. Coolidge is the oldeſt living graduate. All honor to him.

ARTHUR I. FISKE, Head Maſter,

DEAR SIR : —

I acknowledge with thanks your thoughtful remembrance in ſending me the Catalogue of the School.

I have memories pleaſant and otherwiſe. It was when corporal puniſhment was in vogue, —and I got my full ſhare—which I now thiuk I greatly deſerved.

Am I not the oldest graduate? On the first of November last year I counted ninety years.

Wishing you and the school continued prosperity, believe me

Very truly,

J. I. T. COOLIDGE.

31 Brewster Street, Cambridge.

November 15, 1907.

The request, given orally, for comments on the REGISTER and for suggestions, to be written and handed to the editor's desk, signed or unsigned, is here repeated in print. What do you say about the REGISTER? Be friendly but be critical. We are open equally to praise and correction.

Mr. Groce is to give three talks on the teaching of English and Mr. Rice three on the teaching of physics to this year's class in Pedagogy at Tufts College.

A professor of the Institute of Technology says that the Institute likes to have boys from the Latin School for two reasons: 1st, they are usually well trained and know how to work; 2d, they come equipped in some subjects that are well worth having, which the Institute cannot give them.

Cornelius A. Guiney, Latin School, '07, is associate editor of the Boston College *Stylus*.

B. L. S. is represented in the freshman class at Boston College by five men from the class of 1907.

In the Boston College *Stylus*, the following note appears: "One of the members of the freshman class, Churchward, is a crack basketball player, and was captain of the Latin School

team last year, which won eighteen games out of a total number of twenty-two."

IN CLASS I.

PRAECEPTOR: Who is the author of "The Lady of the Lake?"

DISCIPULUS (*ex somno*): Grabbing his book and reading the editor's name, "Syle."

IN ROOM XV.

TEACHER: What can you say of Mt. Parnassus.

PUPIL: It was a haunt of *Moses*.

Robert S. Dowst of Class II. recently passed the best examination for entrance to the Annapolis Naval Academy from the 11th Congressional District. He leaves the Latin School to take special study for the later qualifying examination. His success is due largely to natural ability, but it is partly due without doubt to the fact which his father in a very handsome letter to the head master reports, viz., that in this school he was "taught how to work and how to study."

In the same examination for the Nava Academy in which Dowst of Class II. took first place, J. K. Countie, of Class III., passed among the best, and is, we believe, a third substitute, in case of the later failure of those standing higher.

During the past few weeks, the school has received visits from Cowan, '06, Jowett, '07, Wyzansky, '07, Pearl, '05, and Emerson, '04. The last two are former editors-in-chief of the REGISTER.

On Monday, November 18, Mr. Chadwick, former head of the department of Latin in the Latin School, came to tread again the old,

familiar corridors, and sit in his accustomed place in the hall. As he entered the hall, where the school was assembled, he was received with a burst of applause. Mr. Chadwick must have felt, as he bowed his acknowledgement, that by no means was he forgotten by the school which for so many years enjoyed the benefits of his instruction.

It is gratifying to notice the amount of interest displayed by Class I., in reading the papers issued by other schools. The various exchanges are placed on a table at the front of the room, and the members of the class are invited to look them over. This causes a certain amount of comparison between the REGISTER and the other school papers, not, we hope, to the REGISTER's disadvantage.

There's a fine chance to show, what some think we greatly lack,—school spirit, and class spirit, in paying attention to the requests that come from the Head-Master, given in the hail, tending to the comfort and refinement of the school.

The Latin School is a good place to fit, and a good place to wear off some rough corners, and to get polish that is not intellectual.

Probably it is not easy to get from boys anything more than a passive interest in the morning Scripture readings in school. The law requires such readings, but the listeners do not get all the good they might.

An effective plan is used in one of our classes, for a part of the year. Various passages, all bearing on the same subject, are taken from many parts of the Bible and put together in one reading. The effect is to emphasize one topic. The topics chosen start with selections relating to God: His existence, His spiritual, eternal nature, His presence, His power in nature, His power among men, His wisdom and knowledge,

His righteousness and moral government, His love, His help, His promises. Then come selections on man: his spiritual origin and nature, his moral sense, his accountability.

This illustrates the method; to hear familiar passages from various parts, thus massed on a single theme, is to be strongly impressed. A reading of the whole of several books of the Bible—the book of *Esther*, for instance, will follow, we have been told. So, in addition to other benefits, we may get some stronger idea of the literary forms of the Bible, a book which, so the first class is told, must be thoroughly known by anybody who makes any claim to know English literature.

Allen, of the first class, has been absent from school for a long time, as a result of injuries sustained from a fall from a chestnut tree. His condition at first was very critical, but we now have every reason to hope that he will soon be among his classmates again.

The First and Second Classes find it very difficult to conform to the suggestions of the masters. Some of the boys cannot distinguish between the right and the left hand when they leave the room. Special classes of instruction might be established after school to teach right and left and to correct the wayward youth who first glances furtively at the teacher, and then cautiously slips out the nearest door.

Studying hard, boys? Well, study harder.

There was a meeting of school superintendents held in the school hall recently. The tendency to gather in groups in the corridors and converse loudly was rather less noticeable than usual. The gathering for lunch in the gymnasium brought a good many to that end of the corridor; but their inquiries in various rooms as to the whereabouts of the lunch, and their grouping on the stairs for educational chats were forgiven.

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A. Prussian, B. L. S. 1904, has recently been awarded the Ricardo Prixe of \$350, at Harvard College, for an essay on Political economy.

An appreciative and historical note on the REGISTER, with pictures of some of the present staff, appeared in the *Daily Globe*, of Friday, November 15.

Some of the boys in the Fifth class are trying to secure players for a school orchestra. Not many of our boys study music; the work of the school, together with the necessary exercise out-of-doors, uses up all the time. Those who do work on music are mostly violinists and pianoists. Two or three players on the trombone, cornet, flute, clarinet, and 'cello would be gladly welcomed here.

Clark Tobin, Dartmouth '10, who made a spectacular run for a touchdown in the Harvard-Dartmouth game, was formerly a member of the Latin School, one of the bugle corps.

If, some day, you should happen to see a dishevelled youth dash upstairs with a watch in his hand, and, having reached the top, glance at the watch and jot down some figures in a blank-book, do not be alarmed. He is only a member of the physics class trying to find out how many horse-power it takes to raise him forty feet.

Mr. Dunn, quite a while ago, handed over the seal and the keys of the supply-room to Mr. Rice. This was *done* since the *rise* of a great demand for supplies.

A T H L E T I C S

FOOTBALL.

THE present Boston Latin School football team is a credit to the school.

Prevented by the rules of the school from using several of its best men at the first of the season, handicapped by the loss of some of its star men in the latter part, with luck going against it at the most inopportune moment, losing the one league game in which it was defeated by the small score of two to nothing, and that because of a rather doubtful decision of the officials, it has certainly had an up-hill fight, and we are proud of the plucky efforts of the team, and the record which it can point to.

But the crowning event of the season is yet to come; the game with the English High School. It is the game which all Latin School men look forward to, which all graduate players look back upon. This year it will be played at the Locust street grounds, at ten o'clock, Thanksgiving morning. The two teams seem

pretty evenly matched and the game gives promise of being the best of the year. We hope to see a large and enthusiastic crowd of Latin School fellows present at this game to show to the team their appreciation of its work so far, and to urge the players to greater efforts in their final game.

B. L. S., 10. REVERE H. S., 0.

Although it was a second team which was defeated by Revere High School in the first part of the season, in order to settle all doubts about the matter, a new game was arranged. The Latin School won, ten to nothing. Ryder showed up well in this game.

B. L. S., 10. D. H. S., 5.

We played our first league game with Dorchester, October 26. In this game the team was weakened by the loss of Ryder and Cleary, who at that time were ineligible to play.

Latin School Register

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In the first half, the Latin School kicked off to Dorchester. An exchange of punts followed, a few rushes, and then, before our team had fully wakened up, it was Dorchester's ball on the 5 yard line. Our team braced up, but Dorchester finally carried the ball over the line for a touchdown. At this, the adherents of Dorchester went wild with delight. The score was five to nothing, since Dorchester failed to kick the goal.

Then the Latin School spirit showed itself; instead of losing heart, they buckled down, and by the aid of Simmons, who played a wonderful game, the Latin School also scored. The score was five to five. Elcock prepared to kick the goal. If he succeeded, the Latin School would be in the lead. Dorchester held its breath. Elcock was cool, provokingly cool. One of the Dorchester team, unable to contain himself any longer cried, "You can't do it." Elcock, by a brilliant piece of pantomime, informed him that he could. He did. In the second half Elcock scored four more points by a neat drop kick from the 35 yard line.

The line up:

B. L. S.		D. H. S.	
Moloney, le.	re., Drivan		
Elcock, lt.	rt., Conley		
Hale, Stanton, lg.	rg., Fletcher		
Seavey, c.	c., Jackson		
Madden, rg.	lg., Blank		
Thompson, rt.	lt., Bartlett		
Moore, re.	le., Fraser		
Fitzgerald, qb.	qb., DeCoen		
McNeil, lhb.	lhb., Riley		
Simmons, rhb.	rhb., Daly		
Amadon, fb.	fb., Abbott		

WALTHAM H. S., 10. B. L. S., 0.

Full of hope and enthusiasm, the team went up to Waltham, but Waltham played the more open game, and—they won. Waltham's pet play is the on-side kick and it took the Latin School by surprise. In the latter part of the first half, Waltham punted to the Latin School's

30 yard line. Latin School fumbled, Waltham regained the ball, and then scored their first points by a pretty goal from placement.

The Latin school started the second half determined to win, but though we gained repeatedly through their line, we could not get near to the goal. With only a few minutes left to play, the field of play was shifted to the Latin School's territory, and, on a trick play, Waltham scored a touchdown and kicked the goal, swelling the total to 10 points. Moore, Cleary, Thompson, and Elcock played well.

The line-up:

W. H. S.		B. L. S.	
Stankard, le.	re., Moore		
P. Graveson, lt.	rt., Thompson		
Partridge, lg.	rg., Hale		
Haze, c.	c., Seavey		
Wright, rg.	lg., Ryder		
Horian, rt.	lt., Elcock		
Carleton, re.	le., Moloney		
Frain, qb.	qb., McKenna		
M. Graveson, rhb.	rhb., Fraser, Madden		
Ashley, lhb.	lhb., Amadon		
Leary, fb.	fb., Cleary		

MECHANIC ARTS, 2. B. L. S., 0.

In one one of the hardest games played in Boston this season, the Latin School lost to Mechanic Arts. This is especially deplorable since this was a league game.

Our team started off auspiciously enough. The ball was kicked off to Mechanics, who, failing to gain, punted to the Latin School's 60 yard line. The Latin School then began to tear down toward their opponents goal. On every play our team gained and hope rose high in Latin School hearts. But in a twinkling all was changed. An attempted forward pass, the capture of the ball by Kewer of Mechanics, a long run by the same player, and the ball was in the Latin School's territory, the Latin School's goal was in danger. However, our team played hard, and Mechanics was forced to punt. Ryder recovered the ball on our one

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yard line. Then he fell behind the goal to punt; the toss was poor, there was no time to punt, and he tried to make a forward pass. This pass was illegal however, and the officials awarded a safety, which counted two points to Mechanics. These points won the game for them.

In the second half, when Ryder, by a sixty yard run, carried the ball to the twenty-five yard line, there seemed to be a chance for us to win. But it could not be. Again, when Elcock had three chances to kick a goal from the field, the Latin School rooters felt relieved. To kick a goal from the forty yard line is a very difficult task, yet with a little luck, Elcock would have done it, for twice the ball came within a foot of scoring. But a miss is as good as a mile and, well, the gods were not propitious and the Latin School failed to score. The team suffered a severe loss in this game, as Thompson again broke his arm, probably preventing his playing any more this year.

Elcock, Amadon, Ryder, and Cleary played well. The line-up:

M. A. H. S.	B. L. S.
O'Keefe, le.	re., Ryder
McClay, lt.	rt., Elcock
R. Johnson, lg.	rg., Allison
B. Johnson, c.	c. Seavey
Barnes, rg.	lg., Hale
Mahoney, rt.	lt., Thompson
Cook, rt.	lt., Stanton
Adamson, re.	le., Moloney
Rutherford, qb.	qb., McKenna, Fitzgerald
Wingersky, lhb.	rhb., Madden, Frazer
Kewer, rhb.	lhb., Amadon
Hammond, fb.	fb., Cleary
Fitzpatrick, fb.	
Mahoney, fb.	

B. L. S. 6.

R. H. S. 4.

On November 15 we played our third league game with Roxbury. In this game the team did not do itself justice, for it is capable of playing a much better game than that against Roxbury. Several times they had the ball within striking distance of Roxbury's goal, yet they succeeded but once. Hawes scored Roxbury's points by a drop-kick from the twenty-five yard line. Moore played a fine game for the Latin School.

The line-up:

B. L. S.	R. H. S.
Moloney, le.	re., Green
Ryder, lt.	rt., Murphy
Hale, Woodard, lg.	rg., Currier
Seavey, c.	c., Ostregen
Allison, rg.	lg., O'Conner
Elcock, rt.	lt., Thompson
Moore, re.	le., Stephen
Fitzgerald, qb.	qb., Hawes
McKenna, Frazer, lhb.	rhb., Cannon
Madden, rhb.	lhb., Hayes
Amadon, fb.	fb., Conklin

Score—Latin, 6; High, 4. Touchdown—McKenna. Goal from touchdown—Elcock. Goal from field—Hawes. Umpire—Tom Murphy. Referee—Nate, Tufts. Field judge—Hoey. Linesmen—Sheehan and O'Connell. Time—20 minute halves.

It was voted by the advisory committee at a recent meeting to recognize a Boston Latin School Tennis Team, to be composed of the three best players in the school, and to award to any fellow making the team the privilege of wearing an old English "L" on his sweater. It was also voted that Crane of Class II. be captain.

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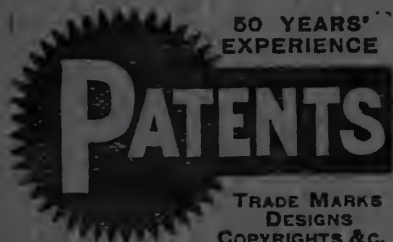
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